

# Good Morning 552

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

AGAIN, gentlemen, thanks for your letters, and especially to Leading Seaman William Russett at H.M.S. "Pembroke," Chatham.

Bill writes a matey letter thanking "Good Morning" editorial staff for the paper. They reply that they are honoured to do such a small thing for you guys.

Glad you liked the family pictures. If you want any prints you know the address. Leading Seaman Russett was on H.M. Submarine "Sybil" for some time. He may be returning to the trade with his first ring soon. He sends his best wishes to all former shipmates.

The officer commanding H.M. Submarine "Seraph" thanks me for some paste-down pictures, which, he says, have been circulated and well received.

Do let me know, gentlemen of "Seraph," if there is anyone or any place you would like photographed. That is a general rule, of course, and applies to all boats.

Lieut. G. E. Hunt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., writes for some prints of the "Ultor" visit to London. We have sent some on, sir, and if when you see those used in the paper you let us know which you like, we will send some more along. Naturally, that also is a general note.

Do call at the office, Lieut. Hunt—you will be very welcome; and although our production methods are perhaps a trifle unorthodox, you will get a vague idea of how a paper is produced.

Thanks for the wedding news, Petty Officer Ernest Wild. By this time the wedding will have taken place, so all I can say is that we all wish you every happiness and success. Did the art department send you any of the pictures of the ceremony? Let me know if you want any more.

Regarding the Submarines Old Comrades' Association, Lieut. R. Critchley, I have sent through the mail a few details which I hope will be of use. If there is anything else I can do in this direction, please let me know.

Have you made contact with the chairman yet, by the way? I have passed on your inquiry to him.

Please keep me posted on developments.

**We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning,"**  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

**NICE WORK! AND HE'S GOT IT!**  
Alf Wood, "Good Morning" Art Editor, shows how he chooses the pin-up girls to A.B. James Elliott, C.P.O. William Brown, L./S. Phillip Collins, and St. Bert Hardy. They just wouldn't believe he got paid for it as well!



**YOU** have kept yourself well hidden, Stoker G. Rutherford. Why didn't you come out into the open before? The poem is grand, and so is your suggestion about a series of features.

I have written under separate cover explaining exactly what we could use, so I'm looking forward to hearing from you soon.

Many thanks go to the officer commanding His Majesty's Submarine "Stratagem" for the list of home addresses of the ship's company.

At long last, Leading Seaman Stanley Hawkey, we have fixed you up with the pictures you requested. We have sent a couple of prints and a copy of the paper to your wife, and under separate cover have posted a copy to you.

Thanks for passing on my best wishes to your shipmates. A certain Phil Shipway, of Richmond, has been asking after Lieut. Steadman again.

Incidentally, it is largely due to great co-operation on the part of the Lieutenant's brother-in-law that we get so many film stills from the studios. Phil Shipway is getting to be quite a name in films over here, and at present is assisting Gabbie Pascal in the production of "Caesar and Cleopatra" at Denham.

Back to your letter, Stanley—I hope, too, we can swap a few quiet pints when you get home again.



**SEEMS** I missed a party last month: from hazy memories recalled by Shorty Wilson, I gather that there was a party across the road in "Number 10."

The following paragraph was handed to me with the picture herewith. Maybe you can make something of it—I can't.

"Bert Hardy, the Barrel Buster from Manchester, mentioned in a recent visit to

our office and No. 10, Fetter Lane, that the 'Unseen' having only damped their periscope, has now lost the diving helmet to—Ultimatum—but, of course, they start with an advantage, being a dark and dirty lot of sea dogs."



**"HUMAN** torpedo" Jimmy Freel, aged 23, one of the men who sank an enemy cruiser and damaged a transport after penetrating the harbour defences in Palermo in January, 1943, has turned up alive.

All the men were taken prisoner and Freel's parents at Barrow-in-Furness heard nothing from him until yesterday—when they received a telegram announcing that he has reached Allied territory.

Good for you, Jimmy.

**Ron Richards**

**DAN QUARE** here tells you something of the marvels of the teleprinter and how it goes into action when urgent war contracts make immediate demands for hundreds of workers.

## They Broadcast Jobs

**I**NSIDE a grim looking stone building, protected by high blast walls outside the windows, is one of the strangest broadcasting system headquarters in the world.

Girls sit at rows of teleprinters, like giant typewriters, are operated by civilian "R.T.O.'s," and their machines are wired on a Ministry of Labour network covering the Regional Employment Exchanges.

If the War Cabinet or one of the Heads of Services makes an instant decision about some new war weapon, a teleprinter official told me, "it may mean providing many hundreds of women for drafting into a new factory area, all in a matter of a few hours."

This sort of thing can happen very quickly. For instance, we had a large transfer of workers when the secret new fighter aircraft to follow the Tempest was first designed. While we were building special parts for rocket barrage guns, a considerable amount of workers transfer was necessary from one 'Red' area to another.

This means that executives of war factories need to take on many additional workers at perhaps only a few hours' notice. They get on the telephone to the Local Employment Exchange where the National Service Officer telephones to the teleprinter room at the Divisional Office.

Of course, many of the jobs can be filled through the Local Register, but every half-hour this "broadcasting system" from the teleprinter room goes into action and urgent particulars of jobs are broadcast to other Exchanges in the Division.

I talked to one of the girls on the machines. Without looking at her fingers, she was touch-typing from a long screed of figures. The jobs are code numbered and so are the divisional areas.

If an enemy agent were to tap the lines, he would not get any hint of the war areas of Britain to which new workers are being transferred.

One wall of this lofty room is filled with rails and instrument racks. The job-broadcasting machinery is wired up to ordinary

telephone lines, and the messages are broadcast at high frequency direct from the keys of the type-writer-like apparatus.

Over the same network, personal messages can be passed concerned with the transfer of workers who get new jobs through the land-line broadcasts.

A war factory manager, engaged on secret radiolocation manufacture, suddenly needs some expert workers to tropicalise his equipment for an urgent load to be shipped to the Far East.

Within 35 minutes, the broadcast has gone out to all Exchanges in the Division, and less than two hours later a number of workers are actually on their way to the factory. It is this speed which is helping us to pep up production in these final vital days of the war.

Each of the men going to the new job gets a free travelling warrant and a travelling allowance of 5s. if the journey is under four hours.

Some of the factory workers, on arriving at the new job, may find that owing to the nature of the work, there is no Government Hostel available and they are put to some expense in getting settled in.

Over the broadcasting network, personal details of this "domestic" difficulty are sent to officials who handle settling-in grants. Men who do not get a lodging allowance can get a lump sum of 24s. 6d. to meet the expenses of settling in. Women get a settling-in grant of 10s. on arrival, followed by payments of 15s., £1, 15s. and 10s. respectively for each of the first four weeks of employment.

The network is never too busy to handle requests for assistance in emergency.

"War workers' circumstances are constantly changing," an official told me. "Sometimes a man shifted to an urgent war job finds a couple of rooms in a friend's house and has his wife go to live with him, or there is air-raid damage in his home town. If there is serious domestic emergency requiring his presence at home, the broadcast network conveys details to the local Exchange."

"The worker may have the bad luck to be taken suddenly ill so that his return home is considered desirable. A free travel warrant is, of course, provided for him and for a travelling companion, and all arrangements for the journey are made urgently over the teleprinter system."

This broadcasting system is expensive to maintain. Most of the workers on it are specialists and have themselves obtained their jobs as a result of teleprinter broadcasts. But their work is essential in keeping up production to feed the invasion fronts.

"Priority A" needs change, often daily. As a result of experience in one phase of the fighting, it may be found that hundreds of thousands of additional projectiles or some other weapons are needed.

Work has to be stopped on some other less urgent projectile and workers concentrated on weapons needed for forthcoming battles in the immediate future.

"By broadcasting for jobs, we are keeping the war factory workers right up behind the boys on the invasion fronts," said the teleprinter operator.

The system will not stop when the war is over. It will then be the speediest means of helping people to find jobs in their home areas or in new parts of Britain where they would like to start their post-war life.



Geraldine at the piano, with Mother and Yvonne listening.

## MUSIC FOR P.O./TEL. HUCKER

"... and we kiss Daddy's picture every night when we go to bed," nine-year-old Geraldine Hucker and her four-year-old sister Yvonne told "Good Morning."

They are the daughters of P.O. Tel. Hucker, of 4 Clarke Street, Ely, Cardiff. When we called at their home the children had just returned from school and their mother from shopping. "I don't think they have missed a night since my husband went back on leave," Mrs. Hucker said. "It comes after prayers."

"When we sit down to our Christmas dinner his picture will be on the table—our thoughts will be with him." So, you see, P.O. Hucker, your family's thoughts of you at that Christmas dinner, and your own of them wherever you may be, will form a common bond between you.

You will be pleased to hear (or will you?) that Geraldine is learning to play the piano and is getting on well. She tells us she has got to page 14

in her tutor, which we understand is pretty good considering the few short weeks that she has been learning.

At the time when we called at No. 4, however, Christmas and all that goes with it seemed to hold priority.

Your wife was making a cake—with icing and all! Could two youngsters desire anything better?

Your home will be the scene of another celebration, too, for Judy reaches her first birthday at Christmas and will take part in the festivities.

Every day she waits at the gate for the children to come from school, and when she sees them turn the corner, bounds up the road to meet them, then after a lot of jumping, licking and tail-wagging, escorts them home. The picture shows Geraldine learning her scales, with your wife and Yvonne seeing that she doesn't skip any.

Well, P.O., here's best wishes from everyone and the earnest hope of a happy reunion in the not-so-distant future.



# HIS FACE SCARED A SEA-SERPENT

AFTER three days had passed, and the thing was still following us, everybody made certain of taking it to New York, an' I b'lieve if it hadn't been for Joe Cooper the question about the sea-serpint would ha' been settled long ago. He was a most extraordinary ugly chap was Joe. He had a perfic cartoon of a face, an' he was so delikit-minded and sensitive about it that if a chap only stopped in the street and whistled as he passed him, or pointed him out to a friend, he didn't like it. He told me once when I was symperthising with him, that the only time a woman ever spoke civilly to him was one night down Poplar way in a fog, an' he was so 'appy about it that they both walked into the canal afore he knew where they was.

On the fourth morning, when we was only about three days from Sandy Hook, the skipper got out o' bed wrong side, an' when he went on deck he was ready to snap at anybody, an' as luck

## Concluding "THE RIVAL BEAUTIES" By W. W. JACOBS

would have it, as he walked a bit forrard, he sees Joe a-sticking over the side agin, my lad, ses his phiz over the side looking at the sarpint.

"What the d— are you doing?" shouts the skipper. "What do you mean by it?" "Mean by what, sir?" asks Joe.

"Putting your black ugly face over the side o' the ship an' frightening my sea-serpint!" belows the skipper. "You know how easy it's skeered."

"Frightening the sea-serpint!" ses Joe, trembling all over, an' turning very white.

"If I see that face o' yours over the side agin, my lad, ses the skipper very fierce, 'I'll give it a black eye. Now cut!"

Joe cut, an' the skipper, having worked off some of his ill-temper, went aft again and began to chat with the mate as nearly broke 'em. Then he quite pleasant like. I was down below at the time, an' didn't know anything about it for hours arter, and then I heard it from one o' the firemen. He comes up to me very mysterious like, an' ses, 'Bill, he ses, 'you're a pal o' Joe's; come down here an' see what you can make of 'im.'

"Not knowing what he meant, I follered 'im below to the engine-room, an' there was Joe sitting on a bucket staring wildly in front of 'im, and two or three of 'em standing round looking at 'im with their 'eads on one side.

"He's been like that for three hours," ses the second engineer in a whisper, 'dazed like.'

"As he spoke Joe gave a little shudder; 'Frighten the sea-serpint!' ses he, 'O Lord!'

"It's turned his brain," ses one o' the firemen, 'he keeps saying nothing but that.'

"If we could only make 'im cry," ses the second engineer, who had a brother what was a medical student, 'it might save his reason. But how to do it, that's the question.'

"Speak kind to 'im, sir," ses the fireman. 'I'll have a try if you don't mind.' He cleared his throat first, an' then he walks over to Joe and puts his hand on his shoulder an' ses very soft an' pitiful like:

"Don't take on, Joe, don't take on, there's many a ugly mug 'ides a good 'art.'

Afore he could think o' any thing else to say, Joe ups with his fist an' gives 'im one in the ribs as nearly broke 'em. Then he turns away 'is 'ead an' shivers again, an' the old dazed look come back.

"Joe, I ses, shaking him, 'Joe!'

"Frightened the sea-serpint!" whispers Joe, staring.

"Joe, I ses, 'Joe. You know me, I'm your pal, Bill.'

"Ay, ay," ses Joe, coming round a bit.

"Come away, I ses, 'come an' git to bed, that's the best place for you.'

"I took 'im by the sleeve, and he gets up quiet an' obedient and follers me like a little child. I got 'im straight into 'is bunk, an' arter a time he fell into a soft slumber, an' I thought the worst had passed, but I was mistaken. He got up in three hours' time an' seemed all right, 'cept that he walked about as though he was thinking very hard about something, an' before I could make out what it was he had a fit.

He was in that fit ten minutes, an' he was no sooner out o' that one than he was in another. In twenty-four hours he had six



"Do you mind if I watch? My secretary says my technique's awful!"

full-sized fits, and I'll allow I was skipper's insult had turned his fairly puzzled. What pleasure he brain, but I wasn't quite so soft, could find in tumbling down hard an' one time when he was alone and stiff an' kicking at every-I put it to him. "Joe, old man," I ses, 'you an' see. He'd be standing quiet and me's been very good pals,' peaceable like one minute, and the "Ay, ay," says he, suspicious next he'd catch hold o' the nearest like. "Joe, I whispers, 'what's thing to him and have a bad fit, and lie on his back and kick us yer little game?' while we was trying to force open "Wodyrmean?' ses he, very short.

The other chaps said the (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

### Answers to Quiz in No. 551

1. A lavolt is an ancient dance, measure of electrical capacity, term in fencing, method of mounting a horse?
2. What plateau is known as the "Roof of the World"?
3. What and where was Arctis?
4. Where is the deepest lake in the world? How deep?
5. What is Bernard Shaw's longest play, and how long does it take?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sweet, Sour, White, Blue, Heavy, Comfortable.

1. Greek water-pot.
2. (a) Means to flash like lightning, (b) to crash like thunder.
3. A prehistoric ocean running east and west across the present site of Europe.
4. "The Times," because Carlyle said that one of its leaders "thundered through it."
5. Sanskrit, 49; Persian, 45.
6. Porpoise is a mammal; others are fish.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE Customs regulation that the contents of a parcel sent to a soldier overseas must be listed outside the parcel is a big handicap in fighting the pilferers of Forces' comforts, says Mr. J. Irving, chairman of an Investigation Committee appointed by ship-owners to tackle the ever-growing problem of dockside thieving.

The list is at once an invitation and a guide to the thief. So are the labels which some manufacturers insist on putting on crates of cigarettes, tobacco, chocolate, etc.

First action taken by the Investigation Committee was to ask firms to stop using these tempting labels on their goods. Many have agreed, and their boxes are no "mystery packets," but others still insist on helping the thieves.

And, said Mr. Irving, the Customs authorities have refused to drop the rule that soldiers' parcels must carry a "thieves' guide" to the contents.

The dock "rats" even steal the chocolate from lifeboat supplies.

★

DURGA MOTA, an Indian film comedian, is starving. A lot of people are starving in India to-day, but none of them weighs 39 stone like Durga Mota.

Durga, at 30, used to weigh 45 stone. This is the story of how he lost weight.

When they introduced "points" in his native town of Lahore last July, Durga became worried. Up to then his diet had included a colossal amount of bread and 60 cups of tea every day.

He asked for extra rations of flour and sugar, but the rationing board said "No." That was a terrible blow for Durga. His fat began to leave him.

In the end he had to be taken to hospital, where he is being treated for semi-starvation. They are expecting a food crisis in the hospital now.

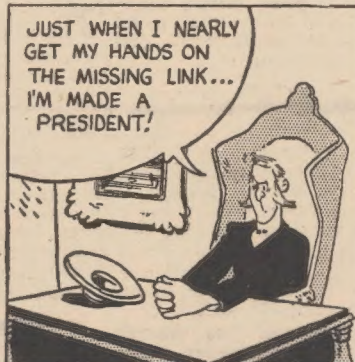
★

BRIEFEST bed-time story: No!

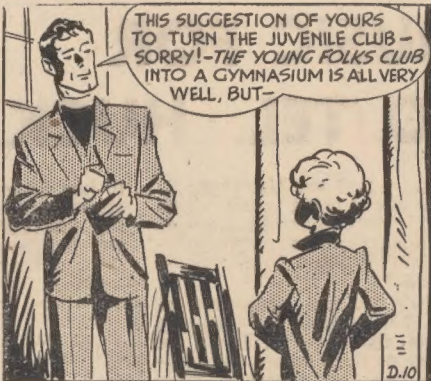
## BEELZEBUB JONES



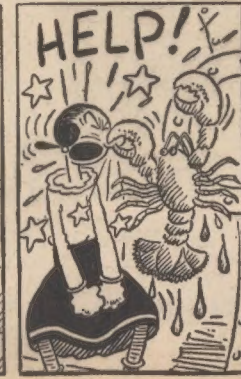
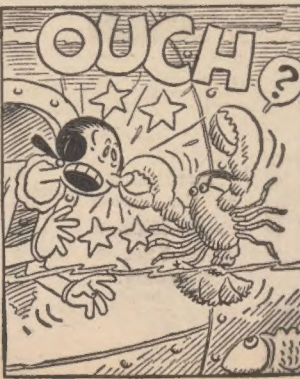
D.I.O.



BELINDA



POPEYE



D.I.O.



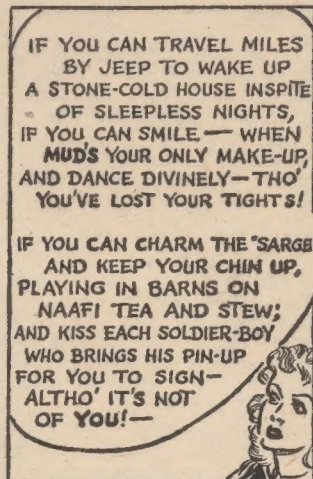
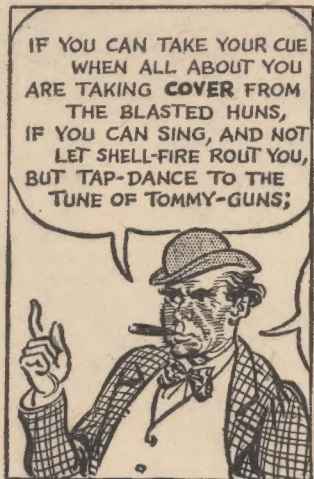
# WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*E\*\*O\*\* and \*O\*\*O\*\*O\* and get two Irish counties.
2. Here are two building materials whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
TENS LAP — TREMEC.
3. If "Odeon" is the "ode" of cinemas, what is the ode of (a) Russia, (b) Fashion, (c) Decay?

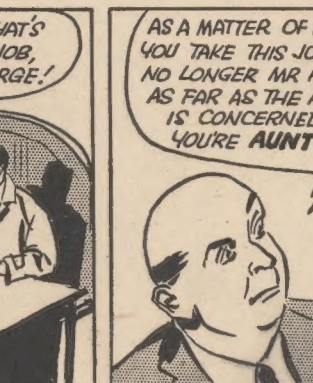
## Answers to Wangling Words No. 490

1. GARDENIA, COLUMBINE.
2. OTTER—BADGER.
3. (a) Impression, (b) Depression.
4. Ep-i-c, Son-net.

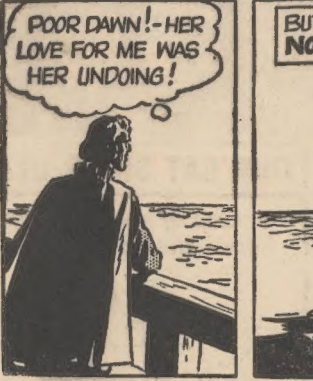
# JANE



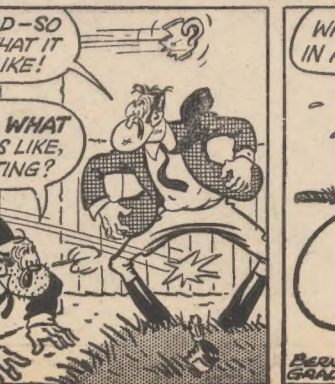
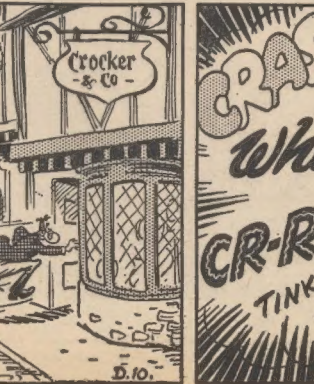
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# "THE RIVAL BEAUTIES"

(Continued from Page 2)

"I mean the fits," ses I, looking at 'im very steady. 'It's no good looking hinnercent like that, 'cos I see yer chewing soap with my own eyes."

"'Soap,' ses Joe, in a nasty sneering way, 'you wouldn't reckernise a piece if you saw it."

"'Arter that I could see there was nothing to be got out of 'im, an' I just kept my eyes open and watched. The skipper didn't worry about his fits, 'cept that he said he wasn't to let the sarpint see his face when he was in 'em for fear of scaring it; an' when the mate wanted to leave him out o' the watch, he ses, 'No, he might as well have fits while at work as well as anywhere else."

"We were about twenty-four hours from port, an' the sarpint was still following us; and at six o'clock in the evening the officers the wheel, and, not knowing what he was doing, had clutched the ketching the creetur at eight o'clock next morning. To make quite sure of it an extra watch was kept on deck all night to chuck it food every half-hour; an, when I turned in at ten o'clock that night it was so close I could have reached it with a clothes-prop."

"I think I'd been abed about 'art-an-hour when I was awoke by the most infernal row I ever heard. The foghorn was going incessantly, an' there was a lot o' shouting and running about on deck. It struck us all as 'ow the sarpint was gitting tired o' bread, and was misbehaving himself, consequently we just shoved our 'eds out o' the fore-scuttle and listened. All the hullabaloo seemed to be on the bridge, an' as we didn't see the sarpint there we plucked up courage and went on deck."

Then we saw what had happened. Joe had 'ad another fit while at o'clock in the evening the officers the wheel, and, not knowing what he was doing, had clutched the ketching the creetur at eight o'clock next morning. To make quite sure of it an extra watch was kept on deck all night to chuck it food every half-hour; an, when I turned in at ten o'clock that night it was so close I could have reached it with a clothes-prop."

holding on to it like grim death, and kicking right and left. The skipper was in his bedclothes, raving worse than Joe; and just as we got there Joe came round a bit, and, letting go o' the line, asked in a faint voice what the foghorn was blowing for. I thought the skipper 'ud have killed him; but the second mate held him back, an', of course, when things quieted down a bit, an' we went to the side, we found the sea-sarpint had vanished."

"We stayed there all that night, but it wasn't no use. When day broke there wasn't the slightest trace of it, an' I think the men was as sorry to lose it as the officers. All 'cept Joe, that is, which shows how people should never be rude, even to the humblest; for I'm sartin that if the skipper hadn't hurt his feelings the way he did we should now know as much about the sea-sarpint as we do about our own brothers."

THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

# SHOWING 'EM

BRITISH, American and Russian films, telling of the United Nation's war effort in 17 languages and dialects are to be shown throughout liberated Europe by the Ministry of Information.

When the programme is in full operation 223,600 copies of British feature films and documentaries will have been shown, or will be in course of showing, to the freed peoples. In addition, 1,200 copies of British newsreels, commented in every European language, will then be in distribution in Cairo.

Already the civilian populations of North Africa, France, Belgium and the parts of Holland and Italy freed by the Allies are regularly supplied with feature films, documentaries and up-to-date newsreels.

British films have lately followed the firing line into the Balkans to tell the people of Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria and Marshal Tito's partisans in Yugoslavia about the progress of the war on the Allied fronts. Weekly newsreels for Tito's men are commented in Serbo-Croat and specially prepared

# CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Jig. 5 Brag. 10 Egg-shaped. 11 Light-giver. 12 Habitual. 14 Chart. 15 At home. 16 Spongy ground. 17 Quote in support. 18 Young animal. 20 Nocturnal beast. 22 Noble. 24 Man of the East. 27 Savoury. 29 Racing distance. 31 Off. 33 The way. 35 Remain. 36 Padre's title. 37 Museum chief. 39 Stand. 41 Chess piece. 42 Less presentable. 43 Coin.

CLUES DOWN. 1 Style of architecture. 2 Road-way. 3 Horse. 4 Social group. 5 Obstruct. 6 Supported by. 7 Naval officer. 8 Lath. 9 Conical tent. 11 Open framework. 13 Rests lazily. 17 Dog. 19 Java's capital. 21 Chief-citizen. 23 Beam. 25 Monkey. 26 Game of skill. 28 Dull sound. 30 Jaunty. 32 Used to be. 34 Manufactured articles. 37 Shy. 38 Weight. 40 Time of day.

# Sport Oddities

MOST people think of archery as a leisurely sport for the middle-aged. It is, in fact, very strenuous. A man competitor in a world championship has to shoot 488 arrows, with a pull of 45 lbs. This is the equivalent of lifting nine tons with the tips of three fingers!

Scientific measurement of the forces expended by athletes produces some surprising figures. For instance, a sprinter at the peak of his 100-yards dash is using the equivalent of nine horse-power.

WHICH is the "national" game of the United States? Most people — even Americans — would answer almost instantly, "baseball." But, on the basis of spectators, basketball is the national game. In 1938, 80,000,000 spectators watched 60,000 teams play 1,500,000 games of basketball in the U.S. This is 30,000,000 more than attended baseball games, 40,000,000 more than went to football, and 50,000,000 more than went to boxing matches or horse-racing.

American basketball is a very different game, of course, from the basketball played at girls' schools in Britain, being the fastest game on foot played anywhere. Attempts have been made to introduce it to England, and some 250 clubs were formed before the war.

AT the Pontefract race meeting in 1931, a bookmaker laid a customer £3 to 3s. that Gold Meter would not win the Harewood Plate. As he took the bet, he commented jocularly, "If that horse wins I'll give you £5 a week for life." The customer took him up: "If you're serious, I'll have half-a-crown on that." Gold Meter won the race, and when referred to Tattersall's Committee the bet was judged to have been validly made, but the Committee ordered the £5 a week to be capitalised and £260 to be paid immediately.

The original bet was equivalent to odds of 38,969 to 1, and over £4,873 would have been required to produce the annuity.

# Alex Cracks

A certain lady was in the habit of always bowing her head in church at the mention of the name of his Satanic Majesty, and, being asked for an explanation, replied, "Well, politeness costs nothing—and you never can tell."

Prospective Suitor (to proprietor of fried-fish shop): "Can I marry your daughter?"  
"What!"  
Suitor (feebly): "Two pennyworth of chips, please."



Good  
Morning

"OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW  
THAT APRIL'S THERE—"

They are harrowing to-day in the English fields.  
The pale April sun has at last turned the key in  
frost's lock and the furrows which only a week  
ago were iron-hard are falling into crumbling tilth.  
In the steep-banked lanes the celandine has spread  
its yellow counterpane while the pussy-willow  
bursts in fluff to out-rival the dusty catkins.

"— For whoever wakes in England  
Sees some morning unaware."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A rush of poetry to the  
head—the poor sap."

